

1709
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AN
HEROICK ESSAY

UPON THE
UNEQUAL'D VICTORY

OBTAIN'D BY

Major-General Webb

OVER THE

Count De La Motte,

AT

WYNENDALE



LONDON,

Printed, and Sold by A. Balthus in Warwick-Lane.
M. DCC. IX.

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LONDON

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An Heroick Essay

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UNEQUAL'D VICTORY

Major-General WEBB

Count DE LA MOTTE

WYNENDALE

D

For thus to her the Goddess said
"O nymph, such Rites as Courts and Empires sung
The Lofly Muse subdu'd to Rural Song,
Where Silver Medley glides the Shades along,

Near her lone Cot, two low for Storms to move,
"A Warrior lovely, as the God who charms
(For Storms fly o'er, and break on those above)
"Wish strenuous force, our Beauty to his Arms:

Exil'd,

An Heroick ESSAY.

Exil'd, Forlorn, full of her Fate she lay;
And oft regretted a more prosperous Day:
When sudden Glory darts around the Place,
The breaking Clouds descending from above,
On which the Queen of Love, conspicuous shone,
The Graces wait about the dawning Throne:
Her Length of flowing Hair adorn'd the Ground,
Ambrosial Odours ting'd the Air around:
Diffusive Sweetness fills the Zephyr's Breeze,
The catching Sweetness mingles in the Air;
Her Features soft, as are young Lovers Hearts;
Her Brilliant Eyes dispersing Brilliant Darts.
The genuine Fire of Love her Looks inform'd,
Thus on her Mars she glows, so warming and so warm'd.
WYNNE DALE
DELIA with pleasing Awe beheld the Sight,

Succeeding Transport swell'd the new Delight;

For thus to her the Goddess—"Nymph, arise;

Such Ruffick Objects you must now despise;

Call'd to a Nobler Scene, new-strike the Lyre,

Where Silver Melody, amidst the Shades inspire:

"A Warrior lovely, as the God who charms,

"With strenuous Force, our Beauty to his Arms:

Exil'd

" As *Eugene* Brave, as *Marlboro* Fortunate; *gloried* of, *long* of "
 " Whose sole Right Arm new doom'd the Book of Fate "
 " It seem'd resolv'd the *Gallick* King should stand, "
 " Nor Frontier *Life* be wrested from his Hand, "
 " The Leaguer Princes urge the Siege in vain, "
 " And with united Fire the Battery sustain: "
 " Never so dreadful shew'd the Wrath of *Heaven*, "
 " Nor could the War of *Heaven* more mortal prove "
 " *Boufflers*, *La Motte*, their King's last Stake maintain, "
 " With them the Flower of all the Troops remain'd, "
 " What were preserv'd from *Blenheim's* fatal Day, "
 " What *Hochstet* and th' impetuous *Rhine* not swept away, "
 " Whose Current stops, and Colour lost in *Callick* Blood, "
 " Show'd stagnate *Crimson*, not the native Blood, "
 " These brave Remains sustain the falling Weight, "
 " And *Lewis* sinks not, whilst they prop his Fate, "
 " *Boufflers*, like *Hector*, guards this *other* Troop, "
 " Pays Fire with Fire, Terror with Dread, "
 " In vain the thundering Cannon ply their Force, "
 " In vain the Warrior utters his resistless Word, "
 " Invulnerable *Life* the Day commands, "
 " And proudly sees their Glories at a distance stand, "

- " So long, so bravely, they the Assault sustain,
 " So often fill the Trenches with the slain,
 " So much beyond the Time that Art had set,
 " The Leaguers in their turn dread a Defeat.
 " Their Magazines of Death exhausted low,
 " And less'ning Fire proclaims the feeble Blow,
 " Supplies they want, or Life can never yield,
 " But Vendosme and La Motte possess the Field.
 " So from the Bite of Jove the Bolt is torn,
 " Jove can but vainly threaten, not perform.
 " MARLBORO's Good Fortune here stood at a gaze,
 " Dreadfully anxious how to tread the maze,
 " Fear'd this the Crisis of his Happy Days,
 " Th' Event the Factions Britons wait to see,
 " For Life untaken, Oudenard's no Victory.
 " Ev'n Eugene's Laurels ravish'd at this Time,
 " Sicken and fade at this new Change of Scene,
 " La Motte with Numbers guards the important Way,
 " Through which they only could Supplies convey,
 " When Daring WEBB presumes to lead the way,
 " Th' Attempt is more than any other Victory.

" Numbers affright not when he should prevail
 " Nor Four to One can ponder on the Scale
 " Nor all the Terrors of unquench'd War
 " Advantages of Ground, and Cannon thundering from afar
 " Full in the face of Day he charg'd the Foe
 " No Odds, no Place, nor Circumstance would know
 " That might a moment his Resolved suspend
 " United in Point and Victory the Band
 " Triumphant o'er the wondrous Field he rode
 " Where Conquest and Amusement both preside
 " SCARCE could he with more Troops the World engross'd
 " Than here he led his chosen Band
 " Marlbro', to whom great Actions are impute,
 " Thought: this I doke beyond the Arm of Fate
 " He who had dar'd whatever Man could dare,
 " Found this superfluous Blow too big for War;
 " Nor till he saw the fated Slain, would yield
 " Such Honours could be gather'd from a mortal Field.
 " A Deed which as it has the Gown of Glory won,
 " Must ever blaze, Joint-Partner with the Sun.

" The Order of Garter given by the King of France to Major-General
 " O NOBLE
 BIO

"Thy Mind's a Spark of Fire, and thou art the Flame."

" Struck by great Joy himself on such a Night, He roU

“When all the Gods are in the Rājās, to advance of

"To press the Fair, and give it speed, and shine, and full in the English."

"As my Admin heavily, as my Warrior, beat on, add Ods,"

"To thee the partial Goddess Nature gave a virgin salt"

"Concurrent Charms to make the World only Slave business"

" In the first Age, when Eriopis went by Chotosiguan T "

"Such Worth had gain'd an universal Name, and Where

" O ANNA, draw the Hero near thy Throne,

"Adorn him with the Glories and the Crown, RA 22"

" Well will be wear 'em, well shall thou have."

"Did not the Prussian King, in grateful proof of his

"The Prussian King has much expects to be Love: In good T

"He in the Glory of their Order shines."

"The Garter with the Azure Hoops may join

" St. George's Honours for the Gallant were awarded to the following:-

" At first, indeed, the Redeemers of the world were such

"For such a hero who saved the world from a deadly virus, it is a shame that he is not being treated with the respect and honor he deserves." — *Dr. Anthony Fauci*

~~Militant class, John Farmer with the Sun.~~

* The Order of Generosity given by the King of Prussia to Major-General

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" Old Rome for lesser Deeds would Triumphs raise,
 " Ouations are too feeble for his Praise;
 " Or the cold Senate's Thanks, dealt with a sparing Hand,
 " When Joy and Shoutings fill the happy Land,
 " Lisle taken, the Burgundian looking on,
 " The French retire, the Field becomes their own.
 " Gaunt, Bruges, are regain'd without a Siege,
 " The fainting Troops repair their vast Fatigue;
 " The Greens re flourish on their General's Brow,
 " To WEBB they owe, that they are Victors now.
 " All this they gain'd, — but such a Game retriev'd,
 " As can be but by wisest Heads believ'd;
 " How little had they been if not reliev'd?
 " How different the Success of the Campaign?
 " Now Lewis grov'ling, then had proudly reign'd,
 " Rise Delia, take thy Lyre, and sing the Man,
 " This more than Green, who has all Men out done.
 " To whom the Nymphs — — — — —
 " Unequal to the mighty Task, my Muse,
 " A Woman's Song (bright Goddess) they refuse;
 " Could ev'n Orinda, Sappho, live again,
 " Sappho, Orinda, they would now disdain.
 " How worthy He of their immortal Song;
 " For

" For Notes so sweet young *Ad—on* was rais'd,
 " He was rewarded too as well as prais'd.
 " Ingrateful *St—le* forgets his former State,
 " And former Friends, in his new Change of Fate;
 " Nay, Critick *D—* in his declining Age
 " Indulg'd, may leave turmoiling for the Stage:
 " All *Apollo's* Sons, *Apollo's* Glories see,
 " Only the hapless Daughters mourn like me.
 " A Soul depress'd cannot with lofty Ardor glow,
 " What narrow Prospect can great Buildings show?
 " Should I in Numbers dare to sing his Praise,
 " 'Twould but profane the Triumphs you would raise.
 " To *Ad—on* the glorious Task enjoin,
 " His Song has every Requisite Divine.
 When thus the Goddess
 " Already to great *Marbro* he has sung,
 " Nay every Muse for him the Eyre has strong.
 " To Power like his new Trophys still are rais'd;
 " Who can the most Reward, they mostly praise.
 " But Thou, whom neither Fear, nor Hope or Favour warms,
 " Whose stedfast Soul true Greatness only charms;
 " Tell all the Beauteous Virgins of the Throng,
 " How worthy He of their immortal Song;

With

An Heroick ESSAY.

II

- " With what enchanting Goodness, manly Grace,
" Sweetness and Courage mingles in his Face !
" How much of Human and of Lofty too,
" How every Beauty there can claim a Due !
" Then tell the Warrior Croud, my Hero's Deed,
" Which no new Hero ever can exceed :
" Possessor of the highest Stand of Fame,
" The past out-done, what future shall dare claim,
" Or rank his own with *WEBB's* Immortal Name ?

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F I N I S.

"With what enchanting Goodness, manly Grace,
"Sweetness and Courage mingles in his Face!
"How much of Human and of Lark too,
"How every Beauty there can claim a Due!
"Then tell the Warrior Crowd, my Hero's Deed,
"Which no new Hero ever can exceed:
"Possessor of the highest Stand of Fame,
"The past our done, what future shall dare claim,
"Or rank his own with WEBB'S immortal Name?"

FINIS